Bring me the Sattin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her : ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir we have a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee : Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this ?
2 We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre* : when canſt thou reach it ?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leave it
At carefull nurſing : goe thy wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſervant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I have heene in many ; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead eare you returne,
Ther's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recover him : give this to the Apothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why doe you ſtirre ſo early ?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleeke upon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake ;
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leave the houſe.

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe w
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much marva
Having rich attire about you,
Shake off the golden ſlumber
Nature ſhould be ſo converſa
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it ever Vertue a
Were endowments greater,
Careleſſe heires may the two l
But immortality attends the fo
Making a Man a God :
Tis knowne, I ever have ſtudi
Through which ſecret Art, by
I have together with my pract
To me and to my aide, the beſt
In Vegitives, in Mettals, Ston
Diſturbances that Nature work
Which doth give me a more co
Then to be thirſty after tatterin
Or tie my pleaſures up in ſilken
To pleaſe the Foole and Death
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath th
Powred forth your charity, and
Your Creatures ; who by you
And not your knowledge, your
But even your purſe ſtill open,
Such ſtrong renowne, as never

Enter two or thre

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that ?
Ser. Sir, even now did th
This Cheſt ; tis of ſome wrac
Cer. Set it downe, let us l
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin,

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